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WARDEN AND HIS CHILDREN. A MOST THRILLING NARRATIVE.

We will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking, day after day, through any of the crowded thoroughfares of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he 'knows by sight,' to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance, whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower by almost imperceptible degrees, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strike forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch, in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now, in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects, and decent means; or cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their quondam acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in hungry misery; from whom every one turns coldly away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are of so frequent occurrence to be rare items in any man's experience; and they arise from one cause—drunkenness, that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration; that casts aside wife, children, friends, happiness and station; and hurries its victims madly on, to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But by far the greater part have willingly, and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it, never rises more, until into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this, once stood by the bedside of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman—her daughter—on her arm. But it was not towards her, that the woe was turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bedside, cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of night prevailed without the house; and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantle-shelf; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet, but it was a solemn one; for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It was a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights—such night as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secret of the heart, the pent up, hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious, helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear of the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men;—tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bedside by which the children knelt. Their half-stuffed sobs and moanings alone broke the

silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed; and turning one look from the children to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil, that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throbbing responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead.

The husband sunk into a chair by the bedside, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many a heartfelt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bed-side, in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house, and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupefied with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, and why not *she*? She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well; she was dead, and happy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass—one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted; and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him grew up, and were children no longer; the father remained the same—poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had long ago run wild in the streets, and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard; and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock—for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was, consequently, little to spend at the public house—he bent his steps homewards, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few half-pence from a passer-by, and having bought a small loaf—for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could—he shuffled onwards, as fast as the wind and rain would let him. At the back of Fleet-street, and lying between it and the water side, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of White-frairs; and it was to one of these that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rotteness, can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; poles with lines on each to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the centre of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind, or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the centre of the alley—all the squalid odours of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather

or what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers, and he proceeded to group his way upon the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room door, when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

'Is that you, father?' said the girl.
'Who else should it be?' replied the man gruffly.
'What are you trembling at? It's little enough that I've had to drink to day, for there's no drink without money; and no money without work. What the d—! Is the matter with the girl?'

'I am not well, father—not at all well,' said the girl, bursting into tears.

'Ah!' replied the man, in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind if he could. 'You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They're paid for it, d—n 'em. What are you standing before the door for? Let me come in, can't you?'

'Father,' whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it, 'William has come back.'

'Who?' said the man, with a start.

'Hush,' replied the girl; 'William, brother William.'

'And what does he want?' said the man, with an effort at composure—'money? meat? drink? He's come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle—give me the candle, fool—I ain't going to hurt him.' He snatched the candle from her hand, and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two and twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trousers. He started up when his father entered.

'Fasten the door, Mary,' said the young man hastily—'fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know how to lock a door; you may get lost.'

'And what do you want here now?' said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fire-place. 'What do you want here now?'

'Shelter,' replied the son; 'I'm in trouble—that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing;—that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end of it.'

'You mean to say you've been robbing or murdering then?' said the father.

'Yes, I do,' replied the son; 'does it surprise you, father? He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

'Where's your brothers?' he said, after a long pause.

'Where they'll never trouble you,' replied the son; 'John's gone to America, and Henry's dead.'

'Dead!' said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

'Dead,' replied the young man. 'He died in my arms—shot like a dog by a gamekeeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him; but he threw himself down on his knees on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son.'

'Was her favorite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done any thing to bring the tears into her eyes; oh, Will, why was she taken away and father left! There's his dying words, father, said the young man, make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face in a drunken fit the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it.'

The girl wept aloud; and the father, sinking his head upon his knees rocked himself to and fro.
'If I am taken,' said the young man, 'I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice, but unless you do, here I stop until I can venture to escape abroad.'

For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just as nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough

money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men whom he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public house they followed him.

'You'll drink with me master,' said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

'And me too,' said the other replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He did drink, and his reason left him.

'A wet night, Warden,' whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

'The right sort of night for our friend in hiding, Master Warden,' whispered the other.

'Sit down here,' said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. 'We came to tell him it's all right now, but we couldn't find him, 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he came to London, did he?'

'No, he didn't,' replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

'There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water, resumed the first speaker, 'and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you.'

'Very,' said the second.

'Capital luck,' said the first, with a wink to his companion.

'Great,' replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

'Another glass here; quick,' said the first speaker. And in five minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, passing, passing in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer, it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man, reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

'Very quietly done,' said one of the men to his companion, 'thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom; come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped.'

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

'Listen to me, father,' he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. 'My brothers' blood and mine is on your head: I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you; and, alive or dead, I never will forgive you. Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you.' He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked round him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last; and there were no signs of any one, save himself,—having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbors; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret, when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed

himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and in brick-fields—any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step in Piccadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy, had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and lived; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and looked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him—so plain, so clear and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten, were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces farther. The streets were silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame; and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice, rich food—they were before him, he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand and take them—and, though illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops fall from the eaves of the houses.

Suddenly he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what, or why.—Hark! A groan! Another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard, many years before, that a wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of foot-steps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and was for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, life, in any form, poverty, misery, starvation, any thing but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore, but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. On hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but that a dark bore him onward, under the dark arches, of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge, though which the current had borne him, the cold black water and the fast flying clouds, were dis-

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

Connecticut has gone for democracy by an increased vote from last year,—the federalists give it up. Full returns have not, of course, come to hand, but so far as they have been received, they are of the most encouraging character. A letter from Hartford, to the editor of the Boston Post says—

In this Congressional district, No. 1, composed of the county of Hartford, we have re-elected Toucey by about 100 majority. This was formerly a strong federal county, and they now calculate on certain success. But we have not only elected Toucey—we have carried a majority of the Representatives, 18 to 13, and there are some cases of non-election where we shall probably succeed.

From District No. 2, composed of New Haven and Middletown, Ingraham is re-elected by a large majority.

From the returns already in from No. 4,—composed of Fairfield, there is no doubt that Whittlesley is re-elected.

The returns from No. 5, Litchfield, although but few, are favorable to our candidate, Phelps—ans are those from No. 6, Windham and Tolland, to our candidate, Holt.

From No. 3, New London, we as yet hear nothing.

In the Hartford Times, we have returns from 70 towns, which give the democratic ticket 14,400, and the federal ticket 9,860.—East Argus.

THE PRICE OF FLOUR.

We are gratified to perceive that the price of flour, in all the Southern cities, is now much below that to which it was forced two months since by the headless speculators, who then deemed they had the market sufficiently in their power to exact whatever their cupidity should dictate. One or two weeks more will reduce it still lower, and by that time it will be presumed, the far sale at a fair price. The stock in market is not deficient, as has repeatedly been stated by the Gazette and other organs of the flour dealers, so that the conduct of those for whom the Gazette so valiantly took up the cudgels, cannot be justified on that ground, nor upon any other which can be brought forward. We have no doubt that the great meeting held in this city, in relation to the subject, had a most beneficial influence in strengthening the determination of the islands to forego the use of flour at \$15 the barrel. It shook the confidence of the speculators, also, and as an indication of public opinion not to be mistaken, influenced them to slacken the screws sooner than they would otherwise would have done. We hope a speculation so nefarious will never be again undertaken, and in the mean time let those who were the greatest sufferers by it, remember those who sneered at their efforts to obtain redress, and volunteered their aid to those who were endeavoring to ride and spur them into submission.

A Woman Kidnapped, Tamed and Single-towed by a Band of Ruffians.—We learn from the Thompson (Connecticut) Gazette, that a most disgraceful outrage was perpetrated on the person of a female at Mansfield on Monday night of last week. The female, it is stated is a resident of Middletown, and was on a visit to her friends at Mansfield. On the evening above named, she was seated in her parents' house, in company with an individual who was paying her his addresses, when several disguised persons made their appearance and conducted themselves in such a manner as to excite the ire of the female's companion, who began to show fight. He was quickly overpowered, however, by numbers, and a detachment of the lynchers kept guard over him, out of doors, with arms in their hands. The others then seized the female and to draw her cries and screams, turned her clothes over her head, where they were held, and in that condition forced her to some distance from the house to a place where they had prepared a quantity of tar for their purposes. Arrived there, they commenced their diabolical operations, and completely tarred the female from the waist downwards. They then applied a quantity of singeing oil in lieu of feathers—after which many transaction, they decamped, like brave men as they were, and left the abused woman to find her way to assistance as best she might. The only excuse which these villains had to offer for an act so disgraceful to themselves and their neighborhood generally, is that they were suspicious of the woman's virtue.

More Indian Hostilities. The Tallahassee Watchman of the 22 inst. says—"By a letter directed to the Post Master at this place, dated Almer Springs, March 16th, we learn that on Saturday the 11th inst. a man and boy were killed at one of the Star's, between the Springs and Jacksonville. Also a family near Fort Mills, have fallen victims to savage cruelty. We have not heard the names of those killed. These depredations were doubtless committed by some of Powell's band." [Portland Courier.]

Great Flood at Antwerp. Antwerp, Feb. 25.—It blew a most tremendous gale on the 24th which caused the waters two feet higher than the high tide of 1825. Yesterday morning about seven o'clock the new dyke constructed about two years ago, to repair the one the Dutch blew up in 1780, gave way, and the whole of the Polders, as far as Calais, are covered with water nine feet deep, at low water. Several persons horses and cattle have perished, but the extent has not been ascertained. As it was market day, it is feared many people have met with a watery grave.—The shipping before the town has not suffered, but some small craft were washed up on the quay.—It is reported that the dyke at Sherbeck, has also given way.

From the Augusta Age.

The following were the Resolutions, reported by E. Holmes, from the Select Committee, to which was referred several petitions relating to the abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, which were passed by the House, without division; and postponed by the Senate until Feb. 8, 1837:

Resolved, That neither Congress nor the Legislature of the non-slaveholding States have no right to interfere with slavery within the slaveholding States.

Resolved, That the right to petition Congress to abolish slavery and the slave trade, in the District of Columbia, is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That Congress has the right to abolish slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia; but as inasmuch as our Senators and Representatives can better understand the necessity of such a measure, this Legislature considers it inexpedient to act on the subject at this time.

The Richmond Enquirer of the 23d inst. says—"We understand that the family of the illustrious Madison, are preparing for the press five or six volumes of his MSS. One volume is to be devoted to *Constitutional Doctrines*—and the others to his interesting Correspondence. These are, of course, exclusive of his Reports of the Old Congress, and of the Federal Convention, for the purchase of which the last Congress have appropriated \$30,000."

A Paris paper of the 20th of Feb. states that the Police had, during the last two or three days discovered traces of another attempt on the King's life, the author of which was one Champlain, a mechanic. He was arrested on the morning of the 19th. He had mediated the construction of an infernal machine, and materials were found at his residence collected for that purpose. After confessing his criminal intentions, he availed himself of the absence of his keeper to strangle himself with his cravat.

The English papers seem to be very much taken up with a trial for libel, brought by Lord de Ross against a Mr. Cumming, who had very distinctly charged him with cheating at play. The verdict was for the defendant, who had pleaded that the libel was true. Consequently his lordship stands convicted of the villainy.—The disclosures made in its progress created a great sensation. Lord Brougham immediately withdrew his name from Brooke's Club, where some of the cheating was done, and it was supposed that nearly all the respectable noblemen would follow his example.

The London and Greenwich railroad was levied upon by a sheriff's officer on the 23d of Feb., at the suit of a creditor to whom the company owed three hundred thousand dollars.—All the agents, &c., were turned out, and their places filled by others appointed by the creditor.

A teacher in one of the Dover schools, thus concludes a letter to the school committee:—Parents are too negligent in sending their children to school. It is one source that gives a disinclination, and a disgust to education, and keeps the child fettered in darkness from childhood to manhood and from manhood to old age."

The aurora borealis was exceedingly brilliant at Paris the night of February 18th, and attracted crowds of gazers on the Boulevards. It was of a pale rose color, parallel to the horizon and of a direction from North to West.

The Paris Moniteur publishes an ordinance, declaring that the naval establishment of France in time of peace, shall be forty ships of the line fifty frigates, and two hundred and twenty vessels of smaller force.

An English schooner, bound from Cadex to Vera Cruz, with a cargo of 900 quarter cases of Wine, was cast away on the coast of Vera Cruz, and all on board perished. A Spanish brig loaded with Wine, &c., was also lost.—Crew saved.

COMMON SOIL FOR COMPOST.—I was acquainted some years ago with a wealthy farmer in a neighboring state, who kept a large stock of cattle without purchasing any fodder for them. He was called the best farmer in the town, and fattened yearly some of the finest oxen that were driven to the New York and Philadelphia markets. When asked the secret of his great success in farming, he would turn your face away from the fine stock you were praising, and point you to his fine heaps of rich manure, which he would say told the whole story. He had plenty of woodland; he had plenty of straw; but I never knew him to sell a bundle of it, nor of carting a load of hay to market. But I do know that he was in the habit every year of carting into his barn yard large quantities of common soil, and spending it several inches thick where the dung had previously been removed, all which was carried out upon his land the following season. The yard that contained the secret of this man's wealth was of ample dimensions, but had no drain to accommodate the milk maid with thin shoes, even in the wettest season.

Successful Ploughing.—The Norfolk Beacon states that a farmer near that city, while recently engaged in ploughing one of his fields, struck upon a vault containing a box filled with gold and silver coins—valued, it is surmised, at from \$10,000 to \$20,000. The vault was purvey of brick covered over with large stones, well put together with mortar. It was evidently built for special deposit, and adapted to the size of the box that was enclosed within it for many years. The box was of mahogany or cedar, and much decayed. The coin was all over one hundred years old, and consisted of Spanish dollars, guineas, doubloons, &c.

Arrival of the young Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.—A slip from the Norfolk Beacon states that the French frigate Andromede, Capt. Henry de Villeneuve 58 days from Rio Janeiro, having Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on board, arrived in Hampton roads on Thursday last.

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. M. W. GOODNOW, RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that she has now for sale an elegant and extensive assortment of MILLINERY of the latest and most approved fashions.

—A LSO—
BANDBOXES.
Norway-Village, April 10, 1837. 4 35

Surplus Revenue.

STATE OF MAINE.—TREASURY OFFICE, }
March 30, 1837. }

ON the 20th inst. an Additional Act was passed by the Legislature, by which cities, towns and plantations of the State are allowed time till the 20th of June next, for taking and returning the Census or enumeration of their inhabitants, instead of the 20th of April as fixed by the original Act. The first and fifth sections of the said additional Act are subjoined.

ASA REDINGTON, Jr. Treasurer.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That the time allowed to the respective cities, towns and plantations in which to take the Census and make returns thereof to the State Treasurer is hereby extended to the twentieth day of June next.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, That the Treasurer be directed to cause the first Section of this Act to be published in all the newspapers that publish the laws of the State.

* * * Newspapers which publish the laws of the State are requested to insert the above.

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have this day relinquished to my son LEONOR C. LUTHER his time until he is twenty one years of age, with power to act and trade for himself; I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—James M. DOLLOFF,
Rumford, March 21, 1837. 3w35

JOHN E. STACY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Dixfield, Me.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me. March 31, 1837.

Andrews Abner
Andrews Edward A.
Berry, Geo. W. &
Foxwell Swan,
Bowen Luke
Blake Mary Ann
Caldwell John
Churchill Sullivan
Cushman R. A. L.
Cushman Caleb
Cummings Joseph
Dannet John
Daniels John R.
Doe Mary A.
Drew Henry
Field Daniel
Follett Orville
Follett Jonathan Jr.
Green Nathl W.
Goodwin Thomas J.
Hall Abijah
Jordan David

Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned would give notice, that the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, has given a further time of six months from the seventh of March inst. for creditors to the Estate of JAMES H. RIPLEY, late of Fryburg in said county, on Saturday the 22d day of April next, at one o'clock P. M. so much of the real estate of JAMES FARRIS late of said Fryburg, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary, as will produce the sum of twelve hundred and sixty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges.

Said estate consists of the homestead farm of said deceased. Also Pew No. 14, on the floor of the Baptist Meeting-house in said Fryburg, and Pew No. 8, in the Gallery of said house.

MARTHA FARRIS, Administratrix.
Fryburg, March 10, 1837.

Administrator's Sale.

PURSUANT to License from the Probate Court within and for the county of Oxford, there will be sold at Public Vendue at the dwelling house of the subscriber in Fryburg in said county, on Saturday the 22d day of April next, at one o'clock P. M. so much of the real estate of JAMES FARRIS late of said Fryburg, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary, as will produce the sum of twelve hundred and sixty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges.

Said estate consists of the homestead farm of said deceased. Also Pew No. 14, on the floor of the Baptist Meeting-house in said Fryburg, and Pew No. 8, in the Gallery of said house.

MARTHA FARRIS, Administratrix.
Fryburg, March 10, 1837.

James Donham.

late of Fryburg in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM DONHAM, Administrator.
Wendell, March 7, 1837.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting on my account Lewis Bryant of Canton, a sworn pauper, or any of his family, as I have made provision for their support, and shall pay no expenses contracted by him or them, without authority from me.

[Canton, March 27, 1837.] BARBARA RECORD.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

SAMUEL ROBINSON,
late of Oxford in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

LEVI WHITMAN, Administrator.
Norway, March 7, 1837.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Fryburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of Improved and Unimproved Land in the Town of Fryburg, County of Oxford, State of Maine, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me for collection for the year 1836, for County Town, and School District Taxes, and remain unpaid as follows:—

No. Acres.	Value.	T. & C. Tax.
Owner Unknown. Occupied by Stephen McIntire, } 38	\$315	\$2.08
house, barn and land,		
Robert Gibson 2/3 of the Brick Place,	200	1.99
Owner unknown. Part of Lot on Snow Line, occupied } 100	School house tax in dis/	No. 10.
by Daniel Chandler,	62c.	
do. House and land occupied by John Whitaker,	150	93
do. House and land occupied by Gilpatrick,	150	93
Owner unknown. Original Proprietors.		

Lot.	Division.	Acres.	Value.	No. 6.	School house tax in dis/	No. 10.
do	John Evans,	22	5	50	150	\$2.16
do	B. Russell,	13	3	60	180	2.59
do	E. Walker,	4	500	7.20	314	paid.
do	Jas. Clements,	42	4	40	200	2.88
do	J. Webster, Meadow,	4	35	140	2.01	
Land on the great Island, formerly owned by Lord,		25	125	1.80		
Owner unknown. E. Walker,	4	16	48	.69	1/2	paid.
do	John Evans,	54	6	12	15	.21
do	David Evans,	56	6	12	15	.21
do	Ezekiel Walker,	29	6	40	.58	
do	Win. Eaton,	31	6	35	.50	
do	John Chandler, Jr.	32	6	30	.43	
do	A. Chandler,	33	6	30	.43	
do	Jas. Clements,	34	6	30	.43	
do	Moses Ames,	35	6	30	.43	
do	Jno. Farrington,	46	6	20	.28	
do	Jno. Stevens,	62	6	20	.28	
do	Parsonage,	67	6	30	.28	

Unless said taxes, with all intervening charges, are paid to me on or before SATURDAY THE 19th DAY OF AUGUST next, I shall proceed to sell at Public Auction at the Inn of Sam'l Souther in said Fryburg, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, so much of said land as will be necessary to pay said taxes and all legal charges.

JAMES HOBBS, Jr. Collector of Fryburg for 1836.
Fryburg, April 3d, A. D. 1837. 35

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners next to be held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford on the fourth Tuesday of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six.

WE, the undersigned, respectfully represent and shew that the road as now travelled from Lovell-Village to Bridgton Centre is circuitous and hilly, and that a road commencing at said Village, and following the Sweden road to the foot of the hill on the West side of Elphinstone's dwelling house in said Sweden—thence leaving said Knights' dwelling house on the left, and running in an easterly direction so as to intersect the road leading from Fryburg Corner to Bridgton Centre near the Moose Pond Bridge in Denmark would be much less hilly and of a less distance.

We therefore request that said Commissioners would locate a road on the route as above described.

JAMES WALKER & 21 others.
Oct. 18, 1836. 34

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1836.

ON the foregoing petition. Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the Tavern of Zachariah Miller in said Fryburg, on the 13th day of May next, at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses; by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order of notice thereon to be served on the clerk of said towns of Lovell, Sweden, and Denmark, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Lovell, Sweden, and Denmark, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—R. K. GOODNOW, Clerk.
A true copy of Petition and Order thereon.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Honorable County Commissioners of the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, inhabitants of the town of Brownfield, would respectfully represent, that an alteration in the County road leading from Bridgton through Denmark to Brownfield, near Jno. Howard's, East, or a new way commencing at or near the John Barnes' Hill (so called) in Denmark, and intersecting the County road that leads over the upper Bridge that crosses the Saco River to the road that leads from Fryburg to Denmark near Capt. Abner Goe's, or in that place that the Commissioners should think best, and a discontinuance of so much of the old way as would be rendered necessary by a new location, would relieve the inhabitants of said town of Brownfield, of the expense of the building and supporting the one half of the lower Bridge that passes over Saco River and that the public could not sustain any injury by said alteration. We do therefore most respectfully request that said alteration should take place.

Oct. 23, 1836. DANIEL BEAN, & 6 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1836.

ON the foregoing petition. Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the Tavern of Zachariah Miller in said Fryburg, on the 13th day of May next, at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses; by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order of notice thereon to be served on the clerk of said towns of Brownfield and Denmark, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Brownfield and Denmark, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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Attest—R. K. GOODNOW, Clerk.
A true copy of Petition and Order thereon.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Canton.

NOTICE is hereby given the non-resident proprietors of lands lying in the town of Canton, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in Bills committed to the subscriber to collect for 1836 in the respective sums following, to wit:

Names of owner unknown, or Elijah Soule, place improved. Lot No. 22, Range 6, No. of Canton 50. \$300. State, County and Town Tax \$1.92. Deficiency of Highway Tax for 1835 88 cts. Total \$2.80.

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid on or before Saturday the first day of July next at one o'clock P. M. so much of said land will then be sold at Public Auction at the Inn of Nathl Bosworth Jr. in said Canton, as will discharge the same and all necessary intervening charges.

AARON BROWN, Collector of Taxes for the town of Canton for 1836.
Canton, March 17th, 1837. 3 33

Pauper Notice.

THIS is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting Edward Reynolds and Mary his wife and five minor children, viz:—Melinda, Mary H., Isaac, Reily, and Julia, paupers of the town of Rumford, either on account of said town or myself, as under contract with the Overseers of said town I have made suitable provisions for them at my dwelling house in said Rumford for the ensuing year. Therefore shall pay no debts of their contracting on account of myself or said Rumford.

JAMES H. FARNUM.
Rumford, March 22, 1837. 3 33

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the twenty second day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Store of John Higgins, Esq. in Porter in said county, all the right in equity which Jeremiah Stacey has in and to a tract of land situated in Brownfield in said county, being the farm on which he now lives and bounded on the East by land of Samuel Merrill, on the North and West by land of Walter Edgcomb, and on the South by the road. Said tract is now mortgaged to Daniel Bean, Esq. to recover the payment of a sum that will be made known at the time and place of sale. Conditions made known at said time and place.

JAMES THOMAS, Dept. Sheriff.
Porter, March 18th, 1837. 3w33

NOTICE.

Whereas I, the subscriber, have contracted with the town of Newry in the County of Oxford, to maintain and support Benjamin Grover, a pauper of said Newry, for one year from the sixth day of March instant, and having made suitable arrangements for his comfortable support at my dwelling house in Newry, this is to caution and forbid any person or persons from harboring or trusting said Grover on my account or on account of said town, as I am determined to pay no charges on his account, inure for his support out of my pay, and shall claim all wages for his labor or services.

IRA RIDGLEY.
Newry, March 22, 1837. 3w33.

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of HENRY WHITE, late of Mexico in said county, Esquire, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent; give notice that six months from this date have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Inn of Col. Samuel Merrill, in Dixfield in said county, on the last Saturdays in June, July, and August next, at ten o'clock A. M. of said days.

